BLIND TOM AND HIS MASTER.

HELD FIFTEEN YEARS AS A SLAVE. Adjudged a Lunatic, his Old Master Becomes disaged a Lunatic, all vid Master Recomes his Committee and Gaine a Fertune by Exhibiting him as a Musical Predigy—His Patter Left to Die in Want.

WASHINGTON, July 13 .- The suit brought by the mother of Blind Tom in the Virginia courts to rescue him from the control of his old master, James G. Bethune of Columbus, Ga. when the facts become known, cannot fail to awaken a profound interest in the fate of that strangely endowed human being. The facts developed on the presentation of a petition to the Judge of the County Court of Fauquier, Va., a few days ago, can leave no doubt in any fair mind that Tom's invaluable servises have been appropriated by Bethune as effectually as if the laws of slavery still pre-railed, not only in the South, but north of Maion's and Dixon's line. Tom has been well slothed and fed, which were essential conditions for the use that has been made of his tal-suis; but he has nothing to show for the many thousands, probably a hundred thousand doliars that he has made for his master.

Tom's mother is now in this city, poor, and dependent upon the charity of friends. She is a small woman, a thorough-blooded African in descent, but not black. Her complexion is that of the Crew men, on the Liberta coast, which is lescribed as dark brown. Her hair and feamens are African.

Her son Thomas, as she calls him, exhibited his wonderful musical talent before he was a year old. He was born entirely blind, but a surgical operation enabled him to see indislincily: a faculty which he still retains, being able to distinguish large objects and to move about a room without a guide. In his infancy he was attracted by the singing of birds, the barking of dogs, and similar sounds, and would endeavor to crawl to them. Hearing the plano in the house of his master, he would endeavor to get to it; and at length succeeded while the family were at dinner. They were all greatly surprised to hear a tune played, and their surto became amazement when they discovered

Tom was born in 1849, and this wonderful discovery of his talent was made in 1850 or 1851. His master, it is said, took him to Columbus, Georgia, and had him instructed in music, and began to exhibit him for money when only five years old. Tom remained a slave until the close of the war, when he was bound by his parents to Bethune, the master, for five years, at the end of which he would become of age. The terms were that the parents, Mingo and Charity Wiggins, were to receive \$500 per annum, be placed in a comfortable home with maintenance, and that Tom was to receive \$20 per month, with 10 per cent. on all profits.

The contract was for five years. Bethune pad some money from time to time, but never accounted for the profits, and shortly afterward removed to Virgints, where he bought an estate. On the 25th day of July, 1870, Bethune, without notice, it is said this when he had placed thom, near Columbus, had Tom committed to the keeping of his son. John G. Bethune, as a lunatic. It is said this summary process by which a freeman was deprived of his liberty, was gone through with by the Court without requiring any of the safeguards which the laws have provided to be observed. There was no examination by experts, nor notice to parents, and thus was Tom forced under the pretaxt of close of the war, when he was bound by his quiring any of the safeguards which the laws have provided to be observed. There was no examination by experts, nor notice to parents; and thus was Tom forced under the pretext of lunary, to become the servant of his old master's son. Bethune exhibited this alleged, or decread, lunatic all over the country as a musical prodigy, and made immense sums of money. It is said that he made \$40,000 clear during one season in California. Young Bethune, Tom's committee, or master, is said to have been improvident, and spent large sums in fine horses. The family were poor at the close of the war, and remained so until the revenue from Tom's talent made them rich.

Tom, in the mean time, has been kept in close confinement, oftentimes under lock and key, and no person has been allowed to communicate with him. He has grown up in absolute ignorance of everything except music. For several years at a time he was not returned to his mother, and then only for a few days. He knows nothing of either divine or human relations, except implicit obedience to his master. Join G. Bethune died in 1884. His father, James N. Bethune, who was on the commitment bond for \$20,000, wont into the Fauquier Court, where Tom had been committed as a lunatic in 1870, and had himself sopointed a committee to take charge of Tom. Another son took the father's place as bondeman in the reduced amount of \$5,000. The accommodating Judge waived the legal requirements of the certificates of physicians or other witnesses;

reduced amount of \$5,000. In a accommonstating Judge waived the legal requirements of the sertificates of physicians or other witnesses; and, indeed, an examination by physicians or others would have been impossible, as Tom at that time was cn_exhibition at Charlotte, in North Carolina, 400 or 500 miles from Fauquier Court Housen, 400 or 500 miles from Fauquier Court Housen,

would not let him play, and that the Bethunes had told him his mother was with a gang who would do him any injury.

Judge Hughes, in his concluding remarks, said if Tom were set at liberty, it was evident he would go back to Bethune. He could not examine the question of sanity, because he had no jurisdiction in the case, the commitment of the court of Fauquier county being conclusive on that question. Under all the circumstances of the case, he would remand the prisoner to the respondent; but would recommond that the petitioner appeal this case to the United States Suprem Court. The writ was dismissed, each party paying its own costs.

It appears from this statement that Bethune, since the expiration of his contract with Tom's parents, has been under no legal obligation to do more than feed and clothe his ward. That contract expired by limitation in 1870, since which time, as the guardian or committee of the alleged lunatic, Bethune has accumulated a fortune, and no thanks to poor old Charity Wiggins, the mother of his valuable property. The studied and, it seems, successful attempt to allienate the affections of the child from the mother, is the crowning infamy of this business. Will not a Court of equity somewhere interpose to make Bethune account to Tom for his earnings? would not let him play, and that the Bethunes had told him his mother was with a gang who

CHILDREN OF THE EAST SIDE, Some Poculiarities of the Youngsters in the Tenement Districts.

The children in that quarter of New York known as the east side have a human aspect, aside from their conspicuous figure in mortality reports. While it is surprising how many of them die, it is astonishing how many of them live. They seem to swarm in the streets in the summer, like bees or ants. They take possession of the sidewalks and stoops. They flock in the halls of tenement houses, possibly ragged or dirty, but full of activity and vigor.
They make things lively. Their din is heard above the rumble of wheels or the roar of traffic.
They see whatever of the world is in their im-

They make things lively. Their din is heard above the rumble of wheels or the roar of traffic. They see whatever of the world is in their immediate vicinity. They get acquainted with all the neighbors. Their blood never stagnates. Occasionally they lose a livitle in tuesless of tumbles, but they are always ready for more activity. They pester itinerant musicians. They rejoice in the perambulations of the insertiate. They piliter from the unwary licensed, wender. They purion chunks of ice from the ice carts. They induke in two-cent soda water. They play ball in violation of the corporation ordinance.

They have no nurses or attendants to dose them with paregoric or prevent their spoiling their ciches. There are so many children minding other children that it is difficult to tell at what exact period they are too young not to need the care of adults. They got early lessons in self-reliance. They gonerally make friends with domestic animals. Dogs are their delight. Sometimes they will take severe liberties with cata, but they like pets. They do not even stone the soarrows, as they ought.

In the survival of the fittest these east side children turn out some tough and hardy citizens. From here are recruited the army of tollers who do the hard work of the city. They begin to work early in life, for the fast-growing family demands that the closet of the children shall contribute to the support of the children shall contribute to the support of the children shall contribute to the support of the children shall contribute to the first phrases they learn is "Choese it."

East side children are the terror of the drivers of bobtail cars. They know how to dodge the "cops." One of the first phrases they learn is "Choese it."

East side children are transformed—at least most of them have a change of cichning and are slicked up in the world when they are pursued they scatter like a flock of frightened birds, and scamper to shelter in halis, alloys, and tensements, whither no man pursuech. On Saturdays, and they got the nonsen

SERVANTS' QU'IRTERS IN HOTELS.

and Flats-A Servante' Annex. "Servants are well provided for at all good hotels," said the proprietor of a first-class hotel the other day. "They have good quarters and all they want to eat. It is to our own advantage to treat them well and have their rooms neat and clean, because otherwise they couldn't be neat and clean themselves, and our guests don't care to have untidy servants about. So you see that, aside from the desire to treat human beings decently, it's business every first-class hotel the servants' department is looked after by a competent superintendent, who sees that the regulations in regard to neat-

who sees that the regulations in regard to neatnoss are scrupulously adhered to. Here are our rules and regulations, a copy of which is tacked up in each of the servants' rooms."

1. The parties occupying this room are expected to, and must, keep it neat and tidy.

2. Any one that is unclean and flity in his habits will be requested to vacate his room and forfeit his position at the hotel.

3. Loud and boisterous noises strictly prohibited at all times in and about this building; and after it o'clock P.M. the building must be free from unnecessary noises.

4. Any article or articles lost or broken in this room, belonging to the company, must be accounted for by the occupants.

belonging to the company, must be accounted for by the occupants.

5. No nails driven in the walls, window cases, or doors. No defacing by writing or otherwise.

6. No smoking or gambling allowed on these premises. Any one not complying with this order will be nt once discharged.

7. Any one found committing any nulsance in or about this building will be at once discharged.

8. Any man that changes his room to another without permission from the manager, or takes any article or articles from one room to another, will be discharged.

9. The last one out of his room will lock the door and leave the key at the office, in no case taking it from the building. Those losing keys will be charged the cost of replacing them.

leave the key at the office, in no case taking it from the building. Those losing keys will be charged the cost of replacing them.

10. The outside door will be closed at 12 o'clock, midnight, and those on duty after that fine must get passes to enter the building.

11. Any man found intoxicated on the premises will be discharged at once.

12. ****clothing or bedding to be hung out of the windows: this order must be strictly obeyed.

"You can judge by those how careful we are. Of course we have somewhat differently worded rules for the female help, but the same regard for neatness is required of them. As a rule first-class hotels are obliged to house far more female than male help, because most of the men they employ live away from the hotels.

far more fomale than male help, because most of the men they employ live away from the hotols.

"At present our help is housed in the upper stories: but we are building a separate extension for the servants. It will have three or four stories, and will be entirely occupied by the help. The quarters will be commodious and well ventilated. In second-class hotels the servants' quarters are smaller, but then they do not employ as many servants as first-class hotels do."

The reporter ascertained by inquiring at various hotels of various grades that as a rule servants occupy the upper atories. In one large hotel of the first class two stories open on the area below the sidewark. They are cool in summer. One of them is occupied by the servants. Servants who were questioned in regard to their quarters at hotels said they had nothing to complain of. They had more breathing space than in many private houses, where two or three servants are sometimes crowded into a hall bedroom, and the hotel quarters were always preferable to those in flats, where the room for servants is miserably small.

EXCITEMENT IN NORFOLK, VA. The City Pinearded With a Protest Against

the Way Women Dress in Church.

NORFOLK, Va., July 16.—Intense excitement and indignation have been created here by the posting throughout the city of a placard, the author of which is unknown. It was put up during the night in all parts of the city. It

during the hight in all parts of the city. It roads as follows:

We recommend public meetings to be held, under the auspices of every Christian church, to take into consideration the speedlest and most effective means of purifying the temples of the Aimfatty God and guarding them against inroads being made on the consideration of the femals all the control of the femals all the control of the femals all processes of the provide churches, or the femals are recommended to the femals are to appear in tight-fitting dresses made of white nuclein or reasparent material of any other color, without any outside general, can have not call to control the recommended to the femals are recommended. other color, without any outside general, an elaim to modesty, and are until persons to sater respectable society.

N. R.—If parents, pastors, and the press are incapable of teaching public propriety, you will hear from us in plainer terms in the near future.

Discovers Generalization of the modest of the color of the color of the suthor of the supprehension of the author of this poster. If eaught he will fare badly.

stone-tipped fire walls that divided the tenements at irregular intervals, projecting a few inches above the surface, they presented an unbroken flat L-shaped surface of perhaps two acres in extent, occupying the entire block upon which the secant had been made, toguther with the one immediately adjoining it on the neighboring avenue. A magnificent view was presented, the eye roaming over East River and its peopled abores almost from Hariem to the Narrows. The sun having just gone down, the air that stirred from over the bosom of the waters was fresh and invigorating after the stiffing heats of the day. In full enjoyment of it, a large number of juveniles of both sexes, but with the little girls largely in the majority, were scattered over the roofs playing various simple games. Most of them were racing, shouting, sereaming, laughing, quarrelling, in the utter abandonment of childish spirits; but a few were sitting on the fire wall nearest to the reporter and his companion, in the shadow of a great chimney, where they were listening intently to something that was being related by a grave-looking, odd little girl of singularly old-womanish ways, who held up her finger quite often, as if to solemnize her words, very much after the manner of the grand-motherly, chimney-corner goasip of the picture books.

"Ah," said the missionary, "there is Giinty," As she recognized him, her plached, sad little face suddenly brightened with smiles as though illuminated by a lamp from within. Then, disregarding the protests of her hearers, she hurriedly limped toward the newcomers, for Glinty was painfully lame, having been paralyzed in the left side when an infant. She took the missionary's hand in a giad but self-contained way, bowed rather timidly on being introduced to the reporter, and then, at the missionary's suggestion, resumed her seat and the thread of her little wonder tale, whether original or from her recollection it would have been hard to say. Her auditors were all very diminutive children, ragged and unkempt, each out from an experience of wifebood mother, back, and ait the "dumb despair that crushes down one-half the human race," they were so sad and introspective. But when she smiled, when she lighted up as it were, the effect was so wonderful and transfiguring as to startle quite as much as it pleased.

"Glinty's real name is only Mary Jane," said the missionary in a low voice, "and the good woman we saw below, Mrs. Meaney, is her foster-mother. They have come to call her Glinty from the marvellous way her face seems to brighten or glint up when she smiles. She is truly an extraordinary little girl, as I think you will presently allow, if you don't think so aiready."

Glinty soon finished her story and rose, saying, with determination, "There, childron, that is all; no more stories before bed time."

is all; no more stories before bed time."

Then the missionary draw her to his side, and gave her some nuts and raisins with which he had thoughtfully provided himself before quitting the lower world. These she hurriedly distributed among her little friends until she had hardly a morsel left for herself, and good Mrs. Moaney just then made her appearance on the roof was bestling on. Hut. notwithstanding the soos that Glinty had not her public Cerberus. It clamored for more, and another story was vociferously demanded.

"No. dears," said Glinty, with much firmness, but at the same time beaming upon the little ones with her singularly luminous smile. "No more at present; you have had enough stories for this ovening." To do not the grumblers to another: learnt that she won't tell no more stories when she begins a-shinin.""

"Don't ask her agin't yer see she's a-shining the seemed conclusive, and, shouldering, hugging, dragging, and lugging along their respective infantile charges after various plans rather adjusted to their own convenience than that of the bables, the members of the little group began to move off to the noisior and more vigorous entertainment that was being carried on in another quarter, though a lew still lingered."

"Won't I run a mighty big risk, then, in sincing at all, sir, "said the sir."

The reporter gave her an expectant look, which Mrs. Meaney took it upon herself to answer. "The odd little songs that Ginty sings, sir," said she, "were made up by a tallor was uned to live in one to roofa last summer. He's lead to we, noor man: They sent him to the leiand for drunkonness and missbehaving on the street, How as already far gone in consumption, and he died, there. The songs are very foolish things, sir."

"Bing one of them, any way, Glinty," said the missionary. "Sing that one about having chicken for dinner."

"The steam through the trap-door rises: Run, steller have been a sort of blighted herrick in the world. It is a funny song, but it isn't nice. There's a better one that the world. Her

PLAYGROUNDS ON THE ROOF.

A MIGHT ON TOP OF A TERMENT HOUSE
Childra Games—Latin Glinty's story—thekes
the Disser-Conse. Legach W. M. Barbery—
"Would you like to visit a poor tolke
pleasure ground the but for mover pleasure ground the pleasure ground the but for mover pleasure ground the ground

with me, and that's the truth.

"Won't go?"

"No, sir, and you may coax her, if you like, but she just won't go."

"Come here, Glinty," said the reporter, and Glinty straightway bagan to "shino" most beautifully as she quitted the little group with whom she had been gravely conversing in her staid, grandmotherly way. "Why will you not go to the country when your mamma has the means of taking you there? It would do you a world of good."

"Oh, what for?" said she, laughing. "Is this not pretty enough?" And with a sweep of the hand she indicated the wide, breezy, roof-topping prospect that lay all around.

The reporter shook his head. But all his arguments had no effect upon the child's determination not to go into the country. "Please don't ask me any more, sir," said she at last, nestling closer to the reporter's side on the fire wail. If you'll be good I will sing you some more of Mr. Rafferty's pretty songs."

She was as good as her word and sang soveral. But their only charm was in her sweet voice and quaint manner of rendering them, for the tailor poet had not always been either delicate or happy in his conceits, and they were no great loss when over with. However, it had become quite dark and the stars were brillant and innumerable overhead before the little voice manifested weariness and gradually died away. Then filinty cudided still closer to the reporter's side, and whispered confidentially that she would fell him her reason for not wishing to go off summering with her manna.

"Well, what is you, reason?" we asked.

"Because." she wen' on. beginning to "shine" even more than she' had yet done. I am soon going into the country is real earnest, you know—going to stay a long, long while, and to have such a splendid, lovely time!"

The reporter did not at first understand her, for her little face was just then in the shadow of the chimney, so that he could hardly dis-

The reporter did not at first understand her, for her little face was just then in the shadow of the chimney, so that he could hardly distinguish its lineaments; but, as he continued to look, and gradually made out her strangely transfiguring smile in the obscurity, like the unfolding of a new start, he began to understand, and hastened to change the subject.

Your mother asy, that the missionary has no them here is a subject.

Your mother asy, that the missionary has no them here is a subject.

Your mother asy, that the subject.

Your mether asy, that the missionary has no them here is a subject.

Your has been so kind and good, I shouldn't think there would be any doubt about your missing him, Glinty, said the reporter, for her answer had not been very cordial.

"But is aid I missed him, sir."

"But is a good gentleman. He has been very kind to manum and me.

"But you don't alloyether like him?"

"Why not?"

"He hides himself too much," said she, with her queer little laugh, after a long pause.

It had never occurred to the reporter before, but now he thought that the child's odd description really did hit off a species of shortcoming in the character of his otherwise faultiess friend, the amateur missionary, that had offen purzzied him up to that time.

Note a gradin called upon Mrs. Meaney. That was but a few days ago, and then it was only to be informed that Ginity would never seek the pleasure grounds on theroofs of the great tenement nouses again. Good Mrs. Meaney. That was but a few days ago, and then it was only to be informed that Ginity would never seek the pleasure grounds on theroofs of the great tenement nouses again. Good Mrs. Meaney, and the bedside with one of her hands in his, and his eyes lastened work her portor as an analysis while her new the subject of the planting as white, fractic, and mothers who had not seen to be informed that find the missionary seemed have a sent of his own t

A FISHERMAN'S STORIES. PICKEREL AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

A Novel Sport-Sparing Trent, Suckers, and Pickers)—The Wary Trent Pooled by a Wire-Albany Boof in the St. Lawrence-Some Queer Devices for Catching Fish. THOUSAND ISLANDS, July 11 .- "Want to go lassoing?" asked an old fisherman.
"Where?" asked the writer. "Never you
mind," replied the other, "Just say the word,
and I'll show you some fishing that'll make
your hair curl. You don't want any rod, line,
or bait. No, it sin't on the faith cure plan, but you just run into Cornwall's store and get some thin copper wire, and come along." The writer, ready for anything new, climbed the stairs into the store, and bought about tweive feet of cop-per wire, and in a few moments was facing the fisherman and being rowed by a Canadian carsman in the general direction of Grenadier Island. "You want to rig your tools like this," continued the old fisherman, producing a roll of wire that was fixed so that it formed a slip noose, and then by a length of eight or ten feet was connected by a short stiff pole or cane.
"You wouldn't think, now, that I could take

a pickerel with that rig, when there are folks that fool around here all day with a silver spoon and don't get a nibble; but fact is stronger than fiction, as I will show you, only one thing, don't give it away—as there is only one place where it can be done. Speaking of curious ways of fishing," continued the fisher-man, "I have a friend in New York who is a salmon 'tickler.' What? Never heard of a salmon 'tickler?' Common thing in Scotland. salmon 'tickier?' Common thing in Scotland. Boys are brought up to it. It's a hard thing to do, but do it they do. You see, sometimes about falls, when the salmon are going up, they miss the falls time and time again, and get tired out, and lie in close to the rocks within reach, and then it is that the 'tickier' creeps up, runs his arm under the salmon and tickies the fish under the fin. coaxes him in close, and then grabs him." At the conclusion of this the carsuman stopped rowing. "Where did you say that was done, Judge?" he asked. "Common thing in Scotland when I was a boy. A family of salmon tickiers lived next door to me. You don't doubt the story?" continued the Judge, looking at the man severely over his glass. "No, sir, I don't," retorted the carsuman. "I know it's se, because I can do it mysvil, only I don't pride myself on it much. I come of a family of whistiers, and my father could whistie up more fish than any man I ever saw. Novot heard of a fish whistie? Well, Judge, I mastonished to hear an old fisherman like you say so. You know Goose Bay up here? Wall, before the law was on, the men uster sot their reels there, and I recken father was the only man that didn't do it. Why? Why, he made more money awhistin up the fish. When they got their nots sot they'd have a sort of an auction, an' many a night I've auctioned off my old dad for \$15. We generally hold 'em right on the beach, and I'd git up on a bar'l and commence: Now, then, wno's a-goin' to have their nets whistied full ter night? Then some one would start at \$2 and I'd sconrun it up to \$5 and \$8, and the old man would go to the highest bidder, and about 8 o'clock out he'd go and sot in a skiff right alongside the net of the man what was a-payln' for his sarvices. No, be wasn't much of a whistier, but be had a powerful reaching way with him. As soon as hegot his mouth into a pucker and begue to when his lips, you could hear the plekerel bark on the leward and works up a kind of cris-cross ripple. I remember I took a gentleman out such a day, Boys are brought up to it. It's a hard thing to do, but do it they do. You see, sometimes

walked ashore."

"What, on the water?"

"No, on the fish; the bay was solid."

"You haven't been drinking again, William, have you?" asked the Judge pleasantty.

"Here's the bridge, sir," replied the boatman, and walked ashored the remains of a dilapidated structure that had once been a bridge between two islands.

"Now," said the fisherman, taking his wire and stepping out upon the rock, then taking his wire lasso in hand, "just keep your eye on me and take a lesson, and then you'll have the thing all right." Line in hand the Judge walked out upon the shaky structure, and, kneeling down, laid himself out full longth upon the planks, and carefully lowered his wire lasso into the water, the party under instruction taking a similar position, and watching the movements with a lively interest."

movements with a lively interest.

Keop your eye on my wire," hoarsely whise, pered the fisherman. This was a somewhat difficult operation, as it was very small, and channel under the bridge was smooth and clear, and in a few moments the wire neese was seen dangling in the midst of quite a concourse of fish-rock bass, chabs, and sun fish-all of whom seemed to survey the lowering wire with a lively curiosity. The large-eyed bass examined it on all sides, then a chub, a great leaden-hued fellow ten or twelve inches long, pushed to the front, and breathing hard. The recumbent fisherman gave the wire a sight more, and the noces all pred over the fisher and a sight more. And the noces all pred over the fisher and a second later the astonished fisher and a second later the astonished fisher and a second later the astonished fish was floundering on the rocks, with the wire lasso gripped about its throat. In a moment the truthful and solemn william had rejeased it, and the fisherman rolled over, ready for another turn. How does that strike, you for fishing? It's ace asy as rolling off a log, and the joke of its that the strike you for fishing? It's ace asy as rolling off a log, and the joke of its that the strike you for fishing? It's ace asy as rolling off a log, and the joke of its that the fish don't seem to understand it, and don't get except the body you make a muss of it for them you have the full broadside of the fish to had by. If you just slip it over the head and jork, the fish rushes up head first, and bis companions think he has merely jumped out of the water. Look down and see for yourself. The witness of this extraordinary performance did look down, and dropped his lasso among a school of chubs that were still moving slowly about not in the least alarmed by the suddent strike you go the fish to had by the suddent seed to the control of the sum of the sum

able to care for themselves." In the month of June the large suckers are often seen lying on the heaps. The latter are generally built or erected several in close proximity, and since having these pointed out the writer has examined quite a number. They are especially frequent among the Canadian Islands west of La Rue Island, and, in fact, almost any shallow shore is sure to have one or more to excite the ouriosity of the rower.

Some time ago, in the back country not far from here, a man tried the wire lasso on trout, and, curiously enough, caught two, each weighing nearly four bounds, evidently old settlers, as when cooked they proved utterly unfit for food. Among other interesting notes on fishing might be mentioned a large sturgeon that was caught here last week—a regular Albany beef fellow; and, curiously enough, it was taken on an eight-ounce split bamboo rod, with slik line and fly. The hock probably accidentally caught in its mouth. The fishermen hereabouts are excited over the offer of \$50 by a naturalist to any one who will definitely show and explain the breeding habits of: the cel. In streams that lie near the ocean the cels are known to go down to the salt water to breed, but here this impossible, and the mon who have caught cels all their lives are forced to acknowledge that they know nothing about it. There is not a man on the river who can distinguish male from female, and the latter have rarely fallen under the notice of the naturalist.

ON THE OULD SOD.

A Maine Editor's Visit to his Servant Girl's

From the Bockland Courier Garette

Mother is Ireland.

Prom the Rectana Courier-Garrite.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Kolleher's?" I said, accosting a bare-armed woman who had just picked up a bundle of baby that had rolled out of an open door.

"Right beyant, sir." she cheerfully responded. unceremoniously tucking the baby under one arm, that she might point with the other.

On the corner of two streets opposites a public pump stood a small two-story structure, built of stone, of course, and plastered over with mortar of yellew hus. Above the door appeared the name we were searching for. We pushed into a low, small shop, whose stock in trade consisted of baker's bread, milk, and other stomachic necessities, to which was added the dispensing of such liquors as the thirsty population might require and may for. Behind a sort of bar were congregated a number of men and women, whom I took to be friends of the house, and one of these, a stout-proportioned lady, with her hair combed very close about her head, stepped forward and wanted to know what we would have.

"Is this Mrs. Kelicher?" I asked.
(Instant attention on the part of the people behind the bar.:

"It is, sir," sho replied, respectfully,
"Well." I continued, "can I find Mrs. Mahoney here?"

(Attention behind the bar visibly increasing.)
"You cannot, sir," was the reply, in rather less of a brogue than we yet had encountered. Mrs. Manny, the old country pronunciation of Mahoney)—Mrs. Manny, the old country pronunciation of Mahoney!—Mrs. Manny, the late of the cousin, sir, is not living here now, but at Mr. Jones's, the constable's—an' a dacent place at is, too. Would ye be afther wanting to see her, sir?"

"You cannot, it said. 'I said.

(Poople behind the bar getting too impatient to wait. A bareheaded woman exclaimed. "Lan run and fetch her."

I added, "that a gentleman from America wants to see her who comes direct from her daughter Norah."

"Then, sure." she exclaimed, while her free stretched and wreathed with joy, "it's myself that won't be gene a jiffy.

"An a "."

"Then, sure." she e An sure, we don't mean that Norah is after living at service wid yez own blessed self?"

"She certainly is," I replied, with a North American smile.

"The likes of that !" she cried, looking alternately from me to the new completely petrifled observers behind the bar. Well, it's right glad her mother will be to meet yez!"

Horeupon, after several interchanges of like remarks, the Judge and I passed out, promising to return directly, which promise, after a short walk along the narrow, crooked streets, we fulfilled. A fine-looking old lady, in a white cap and the prevailing long black cape and hood, met us at the shop door.

She was trombling violently with emotion, and as she was introduced as Norah's mother and we shook hands she burst into tears. I fail utterly in bringing the scene before you—the curious little shop, the interested and sympathizing knot of Irish people at the background, and here the Judge and I and this old woman, handsome still in spite of her years of sirusgling toil, quite broken down at this unoxpected maeting with one so short a time from her girl beyond the sea. It was not a scene to be easily described—far loss could it be lightly treated, for pathos predominated.

The bustling Mrs. Kelloher, with great thoughtfulness, invited us at once to ascend a pair of winding staris to the best room above, and here she read aloud to the still weeping woman the letter I had brought, dwelling unctuonsly, with utter disregard of my embarrassment, upon the personal encomiums with which it abounded.

"An' now, gentlemen," said the hostess, ster those personal matters had been fully

it abounded.

An' now, gentlemen," said the hostess, after these personal matters had been fully diaguated, what will yet be plazed to take?"

We murmousl, with a deprecatory shake of the head, that as a presentatives of the good old State of Maine, it would hardly become us old State of Maine, it would hardly become us

discus-sed. what will yez be plazed to take?"

We murmo-sed, with a deprecatory shake of
the head, that as ""resentatives of the good
old State of Maine, it wous," hardly, become us
to accept of anything in the way 20 contoueds hepplatity. But such an occasion as this was not
to be too lightly passed over, and even if we
didn't care for beer, there were others present
who did, so, on descending to a larger 100m beiow, everybody was invited to drink to the
health of the two American gentlemen.
So with a shout and a vast deal of bustling
the company disposed themselves about on
benches and stools, and royal bumpers of beer
ware ordered in amid great hilarity.

Your health, gentlemen, an' God bless
yez!" heartily cried the hostess, and with loud
acclamations the tonat was drank, while the
Judge and I bowed our acknowledgments
ourteausly.

At this juncture a singular-looking individual, hugging a bagpipe of seedy appearance
under his arm, tottered in at the open door,
and hobbled slewly across the uneven floor.

"It's Bilind Jerry, the Piper." whispered a
woman who sat on the bench next the Judge.

"An' it's noble glutlemin yez is, I'm certain
of," the blind piper ejaculated as he ambled
past and sought out a stool—"noble gintlemin
both, all the way from Ameriky as yoz is—an
here yez health, an' God's blessin's on yez!"

As we both turned to curiously regard this
singular accession to our number. the owner
when the blind piper ejaculated as he ambled
past and sought out a stool—"noble gintlemin
both, all the way from Ameriky as yoz is—an
here yez health, an' God's blessin's on yez!"

As we both turned to curiously regard this
singular accession to our number. the woman
next the Judge intimated, with many a nod and
wink, that Mrs. Relieber could turn a reel with
the best of them. The Judge imparting this
valuable information to me, I promptly called
for a display, then and there, of that lady's
terpsichorean accomplishments.

"An be off with the health of the blind piper
having, after a tromedous deal of backi

All the Difference in the World. From the Vanceburg Courier.

The following interesting conversation occurred between a Nanaville sitorney and a witness in a case, in which a certain tree played a prominent part:
Lawyer—Did you see this tree near the roadshie?
Witness—Yes, air, I saw it very plainty.
Lawyer—It was vary conspicuous, then?
Witness—Well, I can't say that. I saw the tree very plainty, though.
Lawyer—Well, now I would like to know why, if it was plain, it wasn't conspicuous. What is the difference between plain and conspicuous? Answer that will you?
"Well," replied the witness, "It is this. I come into this court room and glance over the bar. I see you plainly among the other lawyers, although you ain't a darn bit conspicuous."

The West is a Great Country.

From the Chicago Herald.

The West is a Great Country.

"They can talk all they please about had juck out in the West," and a passenger from Kanasa. "but the West is a great country—a fine country. Never had such good juck in my life as I had there. Just to show you how nature helps a man out there who is willing to help himself, one day last fall I bought a harn of a saighbor—got it dirt cheap, too, because it was as a difficult to move—and that night a cyclone came along and blowed that barn over one out y place, dropping it right where! wanted her, and never loosening a board. That's what I call good luck."

THREE STYLES OF BUSTLES. THE VARTING TASTES OF WOMEN

A Pactory in Walker Street Where Cinctors of Busy Cirls Make Entless Numbers of All Kinds of Hospekirts—A Complete Skirt Bogun and Finished in Eight Minutes. Scores of busy girls sat before long rows of

sewing machines in a big building on Walker street swiftly stitching upon strips of broad white tape. Mounds of the tape were heaped before each machine, and were quickly changed by the deft manipulation of the workers into single waistbands, with broad ribbons of tape depending from them like streamers. Younger girls gathered the sewed tapes up into loose heaps, and carried them over to another cluster of girls who sat pefore rows of wooden These girls fi ted the waistbands anugly over the top of the frames, and in an instant were deftly braiding strips of linen-covered wire through the tape streamers that hung loose from the waistbands. They worked with surprising swiftness, and chatted pleasantly in low tones. "Here," said Manufacturer Malcolm Smith. you can view at a glance the interesting details of an industry that keeps an army of girls busy eight months in the year, and which just now reaches its greatest rush. These girls are

He pointed to a curly-haired iblonds who sat before one of the wooden frames nimbly working with tweezers and strips of .wire. "Watch her," he said, "and see how simple it is to make a hoopskirt,"

There were six streamers of tape attached to the waistband that the girl had fitted on the frame. Each streamer had twenty-five little loops or pockets out in it and extending in a row from top to bottom. The girl ran strips of wire through the pockets of the six streamers as quick as a wink and fastened them to each pocket with little brass clasps by a deft twist of a pair of steel tweezers. In just eight minutes the whole twenty-five rows of wire were in place, and the girl lifted a complete hoopskirt of the ordinary style from the frame.

"Of course all hoopskirts are not made so quickly. That one is the simplest and cheapest made, and the workers can average five dozen of them a day right slong. When it comes to making a skirt with a bustle, and askirt with a bustle, and skirt with a bustle is the correct thing, you know, it is slower and more elaborate work. The wires are sawed in place in each pooket instead of being fastened with clasps of metal, and care has to be exercised in shaping the contour of the bustle. A dezen bustle skirts are all that the best worker can complete in a day. The tape used for holding the wires is manufactured on purpose for the rade, and is sent to us with the pockets already cut. All that is necessary to get it ready for the shirt maker is to have our machino operators sow the tapes to a waistband. That takes just about a minute. The wire used for the hoops is flexible steel, and can be bent or folded without breaking, and will allow the hoopskirt to be successfully packed in a very small bundle. Anybody who ever tried to pack an old-fashioned hoopskirt in a bundle will understand in an instant what an advance civilization has made in this direction over the days of our grandmothers."

The manufacturer walked down stairs into his show rooms. Skirts hung on the walls on all sides, and bustles were heaped in great profusion on the wooden counters. The variety of shapes displayed in the hoopskirts attracted the eye of the visitor.

"Do fashions in hoopskirts vary much?"

"Well, I should say so. One year they're big, the next year they're small, just as male trousers are tight one year and big and baggy the manuf loops or pockets out in it and extending in a row from top to bottom. The girl ran strips of wire through the pockets of the six streamers

shake out a ship's sail.

"If a Boston girl wants her dress to stick out very prominently behind," the manufacturer said. "she just takes a roof in the stays, and is heapy."

out very prominabily bound, the manufacturer said, "she just takes a roof in the stays, and is happy."

"What do the Gotham girls fancy?" the visitor asked, as the Boston hoopskirt was hung upon the wall again.

"They come down just six inches on the bustle part." the manufacturer replied, "and they are mighty particular that the skirt shan't be longer than thirty-four inches. The bustle is only tweive inches long, and rests easily on the hips. It is called a hip bustle. The critical eye would defect, forthermore, that the New York girls don't take any reefs in their bustles. They are made of flexible wire, and covered with light flounced or puffed cloth."

"What do the Philadelphia girls wear?"

"That's all, "said the manufacturer abruptly, as he tossed a small bustle on the counter.

It was made of three coils of wire that looked like sausages piled one above the other.

"So far as it concerns bustles," he added.

It was made of three cois of wire that looked like sausages piled one above the other.

So far as it concerns bustles," he added. Philadelphia is away behind the ago. Its girls wear the smallest bustles on the continent, and they nover appear to change the total continent, and they nover appear to change the total continent, and they nover appear to change the philadelphia bustle is a shy and retiring thing that stands just about nowhere in the fashionship hoopskirt world."

The girls of the boundless and growing west, "the hoopskirt maker concluded, "are not partic," any prejudiced about any one style of hoopskirt or bustle. They just take their of hoopskirt or bustle. They just take their of hoopskirt or bustle. They just take their of hoopskirt or bustle, the first that are sent along with the orders of it, at of all the styles to misseellaneous assertment. I of all the styles to misseellaneous assertments, at other big cities out there every few months.

On the property of the shipments out there every few months.

The philadelphia is a purely local and exite conton, and that is the Philadelphia clustive curiosity."

THE BOSS CROOK'S LAST JOB. He Makes a Successful Deal in Real Estate

that Does Not Belong to Him.
As the boss crook had not been seen in his accustomed haunts for a fortnight, his advent into the joint aroused unusual enthusiasm. He was more elegantly attired than ever, but looked tired and careworn.

"What racket have you been up to?" queried

half of his admirers.
"I have been in the rural districts indulging in real estate. It's a good biz, but no more of it for me," he answered.

"How did you make out?"
"How did you make out?"
"First class. Enough to get my sparklers out of hock, pay off my rum bills, and have a few cases left over. Let's have a snifter, and

I'll tell you the scheme." The drinks having been ordered and con-

sumed, he continued:
"I went down to Riverhead as Mr. Smith, a

real estate agent from Morrisania. In a couple of days I'd made a list of all the property there was for sale, and what was more important, of all the farms whose owners didn't live in Long Island, the names and addresses of these owners and tenants. I picked out a farm owned in New York that was worth about \$2,000. I then went to a real estate broker on Third avenue, and offered him the property for \$1,000. half cash down and half morigage. I told him I was hard up and had to have the money in a week. If he could put it through in that time he could have the job and an extra commission of \$75; but if he couldn't. I'd try the man on the next block, who had been recommended to me by my friends. Of course I know they were rivals. I gave him the roal owner's name and one of my hotel addresses on the Bowery. Ho took the next train to Riverhead, and of course was told by the rustics and the officials that the blace was worth \$2,000, and was free and clear, and that the owner was a swell city chap who lived beyond his means, and seldom or never came down there. He came back perfectly satisfied, and got some customer to put up the cash. I signed the papers, got my \$500, less the commission, and his foes for scarching, and opened wine for them both. Do you know, boys, the customer had him pinched for the job, and its had to make it good.

"Well I thought I had a picnic, and the very next day I started a second trick in Queens county. Everything ran along like the first till the broker went down to Jamaica to make his search. While there, in the County Clerk's office he, ran across an old lawyer who had charge of the farm he was working on. The counsellor tumbied in a minute, but want off half cocked, because he thought the broker was in the job. They came to some understanding, however, and the next morning sent a weet letter to the hotel, and a fly cop along with it. I twigged his nits from the reading room back of the bar and skipped. If you go around sow you will find that merry note in the pigeon hole and the police mug getting weary in the chair. Still I stat' much asarmed. I saw my lawyer on the was a close was for sale, and what was more important, of all the farms whose owners didn't live in Long